

No.  
23

THE MASKED MARVEL! AUG.

Keen

# DETECTIVE

FUNNIES

10¢

AFTER SAVING THE GIRL, AIR MAN MADE QUICK WORK OF THE PIRATE'S BOAT WITH ONE OF HIS SECRET PELLETS!

AIR MAN  
THE EYE  
DEAN DENTON  
SPARK O'LEARY  
DAN DENNIS  
DEAN MASTERS

BIG CONTEST!!

INTRODUCING!!  
A Brand New Character...  
**AIR MAN**





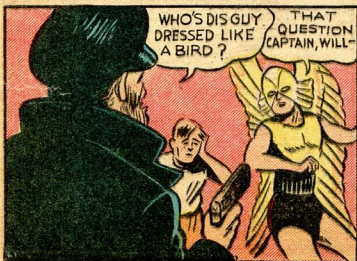
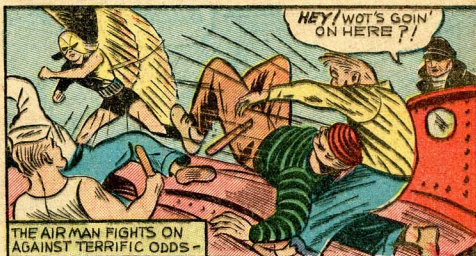
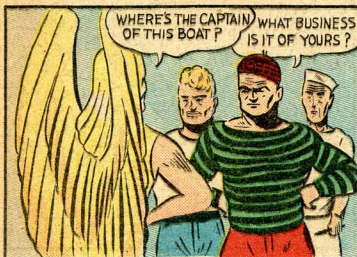
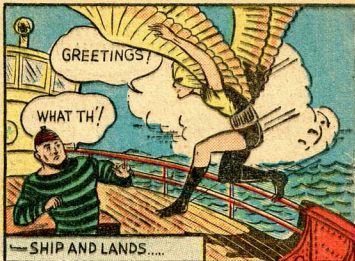
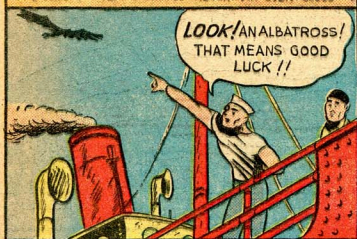
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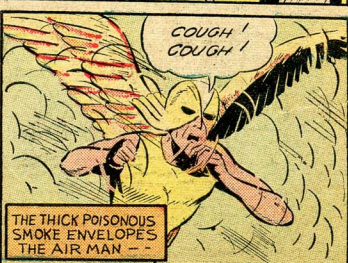
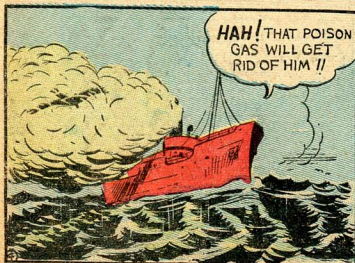
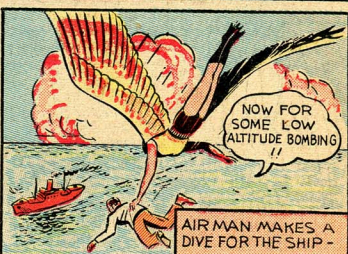
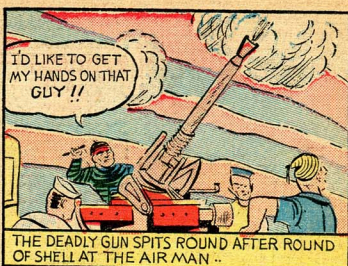
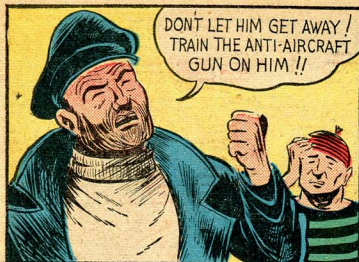
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A FEW MILES OF FLIGHT BRINGS THE AIR MAN OVER KLEGG'S









I-T CAN'T HOLD OUT  
MUCH LONGER!



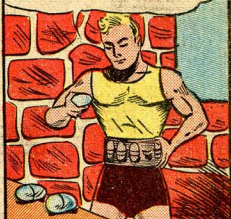
THE AIR MAN VALIANTLY FIGHTS  
OFF SUFFOCATION AS HE FLIES TO  
HIS CLIFF HOME..

IN THE LABORATORY HE QUICKLY  
MIXES A LIFE GIVING POTION -



THIS WILL NEUTRALIZE  
THE POISON GAS..

NOW TO GIVE THOSE SEA PIRATES  
A GOOD DOSE OF MEDICINE..



HIS STRENGTH  
REVIVED, AIR MAN  
GOES IN PURSUIT  
OF KLEGG WHEN-



HMM - A COASTWISE STEAM-  
ER... **WHAT'S THAT** HEADING  
FOR THE SHIP ??



**A TORPEDO!!**  
THAT'S MORE OF  
THOSE PIRATES  
WORK !!

HE TAKES AN EXPLOSIVE EGG FROM HIS BELT  
AND HURLS IT UNERRINGLY AT THE TORPEDO....



**WHEW! THAT**  
**WAS CLOSE!!**



THE AIR MAN CONTINUES  
HIS SEARCH FOR KLEGG...

I'LL GET SOME  
INFORMATION FROM HIM!



THE AIR MAN LANDS NEAR AN UNSUSPECTING SEAMAN





A LITTLE PERSUASION LOOSENS THE SAILOR'S TONGUE

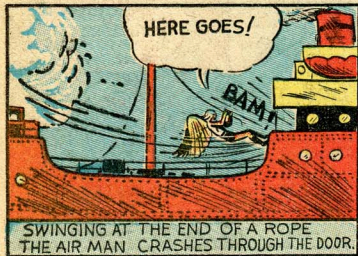
WHERE'S TH' CAPTAIN?  
QUICK! ANSWER  
ME - OR -

OUCH! STOP!  
HE'S IN THE  
CONTROL ROOM!



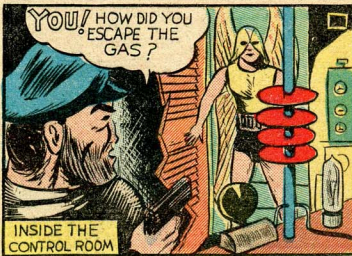
HE RELEASES A HARMLESS SLEEPING  
GAS FROM A VIAL ---

PLEASANT  
DREAMS!



HERE GOES!

SWINGING AT THE END OF A ROPE  
THE AIR MAN CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR.



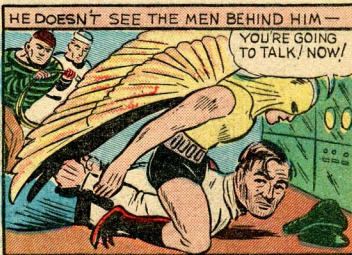
YOU! HOW DID YOU  
ESCAPE THE  
GAS?

INSIDE THE  
CONTROL ROOM



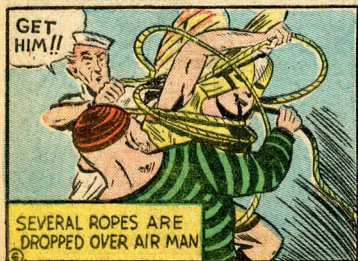
HERE'S ANOTHER  
LITTLE TRICK  
OF MINE!!

THE AIR MAN  
MAKES A  
SURPRISE  
JUMP -



HE DOESN'T SEE THE MEN BEHIND HIM -

YOU'RE GOING  
TO TALK NOW!



GET  
HIM!!

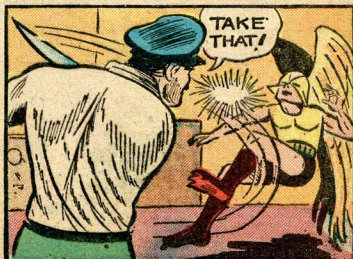
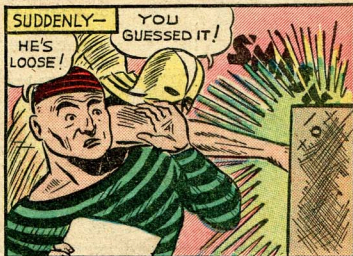
SEVERAL ROPES ARE  
DROPPED OVER AIR MAN



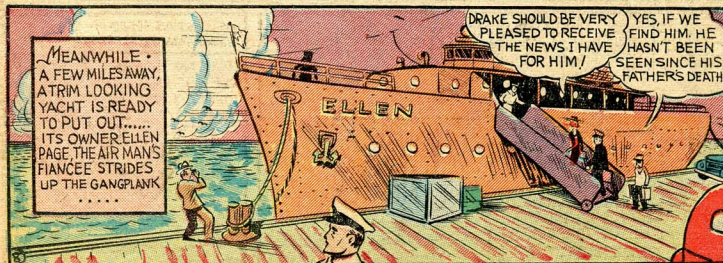
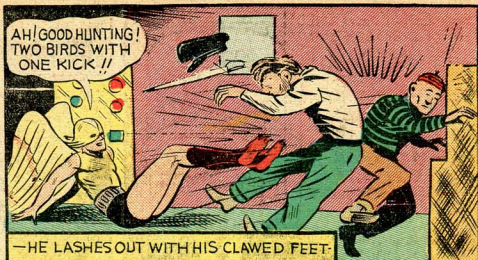
SECURELY BOUND AIR MAN IS HELPLESS

LET'S SEE YOU  
FIGHT NOW!  
SMART GUY!

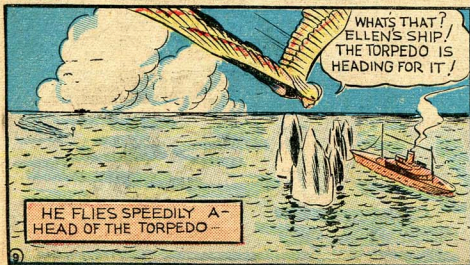




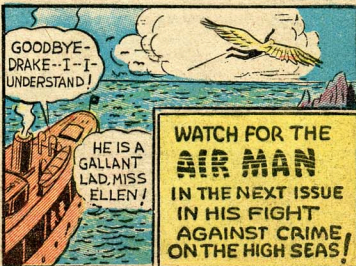
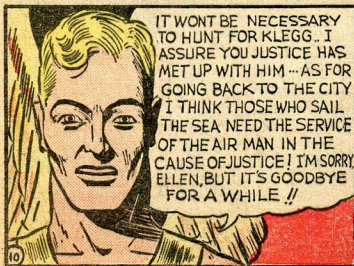
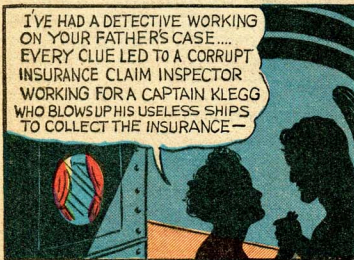
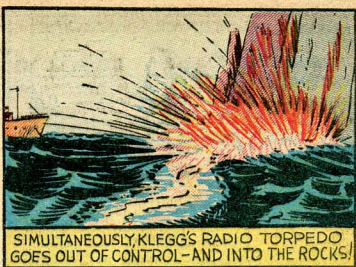














# DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

THE RETURN OF  
THE CONQUEROR

HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

DEAN, AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN VENTRILOQUIST, HAS GIVEN UP A STAGE CAREER, AND IS DEVOTING HIS TIME TO HELPING OTHERS OUT OF TROUBLE BY SCIENCE.....

HIS ANCIENT ENEMY, THE CONQUEROR, IN JAIL IN THE BELGIAN-CONGO, DEAN'S SERVICES HAVE BEEN USED BY VARIOUS WARRING NATIONS IN THE SOLUTION OF CERTAIN WAR MYSTERIES. CAROL, HIS LOVELY, YOUNG ASSISTANT IS IN NONOL, AND DEAN AND ABSALOM, HIS VALET, PLAN TO RETURN THERE....



BAGS ALL PACKED,  
MIST' DEAN!

GOOD ABSALOM~  
WE CATCH THE  
BOAT TRAIN IN AN  
HOUR.

R-RING

THE HOTEL RITZ, SIRAPE.....



YES, THIS IS DENTON... WHAT'S THAT?  
OF COURSE! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



BETTER UNPACK, ABSALOM,  
THE GENERALISSIMO OF  
THE SIRAPE ARMIES HAS  
JUST SENT FOR ME.

LAWSY!  
MO'  
TROUBLE!



..MR.DENTON, THIS IS CONFIDENTIAL-  
EXPLOSIONS FROM WITHIN, HAVE  
BEEN WRECKING  
PARTS OF THE  
TONIGAM  
LINE!

WHEW! THAT IS  
BAD, GENERAL!

15 MINUTES LATER

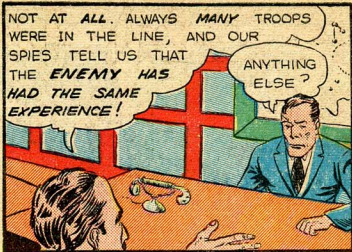






BUT WAIT! YOU HAVE NOT HEARD ALL! NO SOLDIER'S BODIES WERE FOUND IN THE RUINS!

UNOCCUPIED SECTORS, EH?



NOT AT ALL. ALWAYS MANY TROOPS WERE IN THE LINE, AND OUR SPIES TELL US THAT THE **ENEMY HAS HAD THE SAME EXPERIENCE!**

ANYTHING ELSE?



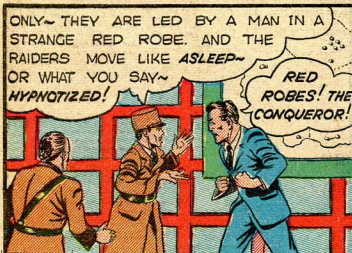
BUT **YES!** ONE SOLDIER SURVIVED. I WILL LET **YOU** TALK TO HIM. **SEND IN PRIVATE GARRAN!**



I AM **JUS!** COMING BACK TO THE SECTOR I ROUND A **CORNER**, I SEE A **SECTION** OF WALL DROP AWAY. **MANY** SOLDIERS, **SIRAPES**, **NONOLS**, **NAMREGS** COME THROUGH. THEY WEAR GAS MASKS. COMES THE **GAS~ I RUN.....**

IS THAT ALL?

AND DEAN LISTENS TO AN INCREDIBLE TALE



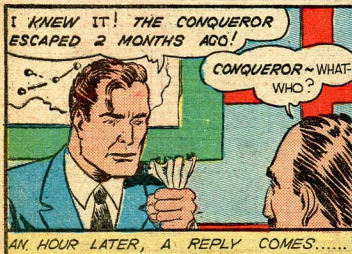
ONLY~ THEY ARE LED BY A MAN IN A STRANGE RED ROBE. AND THE RAIDERS MOVE LIKE **ASLEEP~** OR WHAT YOU SAY~ **HYPNOTIZED!**

**RED ROBES! THE CONQUEROR!**



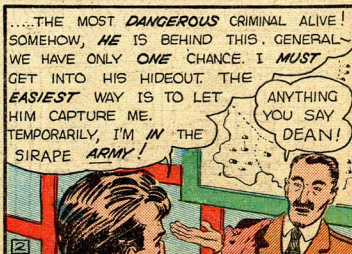
GENERAL~ RADIO THIS TO **BOMBA, BELGIAN CONGO**, FOR ME WILL YOU?

BUT YES~ I DONT UNDERSTAND BUT STILL~



I **KNEW IT!** THE **CONQUEROR** ESCAPED 2 MONTHS AGO!

**CONQUEROR~WHAT-WHO?**



.....THE MOST **DANGEROUS** CRIMINAL ALIVE! SOMEHOW, **HE** IS BEHIND THIS. GENERAL~ WE HAVE ONLY **ONE** CHANCE. I **MUST** GET INTO HIS HIDEOUT. THE **EASIEST** WAY IS TO LET HIM CAPTURE ME. TEMPORARILY, I'M IN THE **SIRAPE ARMY!**

ANYTHING YOU SAY DEAN!

AN HOUR LATER, A REPLY COMES.....

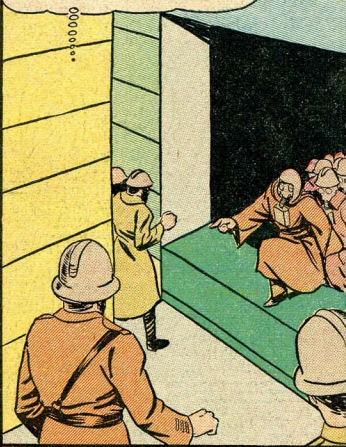


HE MUST STRIKE AGAIN!  
HOPE IT'S THIS SECTOR  
OF THE TONIGAM LINE



FOR A WEEK CAPT. DENTON WAITS.

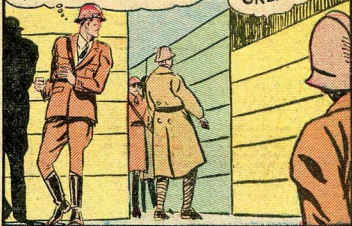
SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!



SLOWLY, A SECTION OF THE WALL IN  
THE TONIGAM LINE SINKS FROM SIGHT

WHAT'S THAT NOISE!

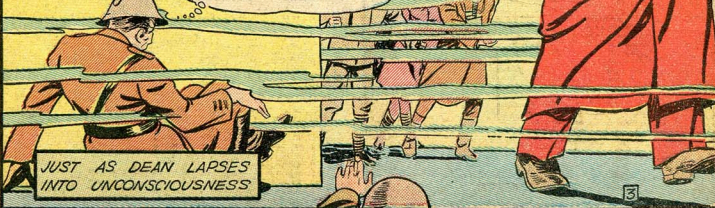
CREAK!



THE UNDERGROUND ROOM FILLS WITH  
GAS, AND MASKED TROOPS POUR  
INTO THE TONIGAM LINE CORRIDOR~

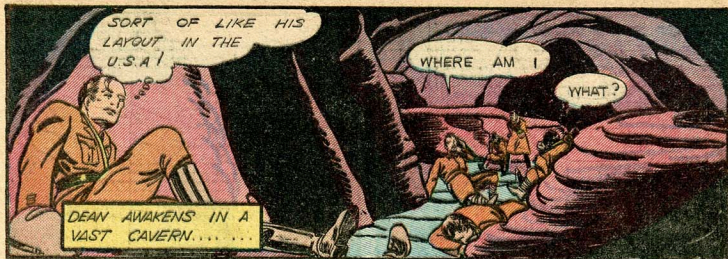


THAT RED ROBE! THE  
CONQUEROR. ALL RIGHT



JUST AS DEAN LARSES  
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS





SORT OF LIKE HIS LAYOUT IN THE U.S.A!

WHERE AM I

WHAT?

DEAN AWAKENS IN A VAST CAVERN....

ALL THE PRISONERS ARE HERDED INTO A CAVE WITH A GREAT PULSATING LIGHT...



THAT LIGHT~ HYPNOSIS! I GET IT!

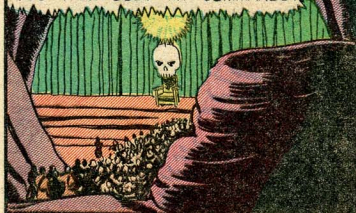
ALL OF YOU~ MARCH!

THAT THING DOES GET YOUR GOAT. WHEN THE VOICE STARTS, THEY'LL ALL BE HYPNOTIZED.

MUVE ON YOU~



I AM THE VOICE OF THE LIGHT! YOU WILL OBEY MY COMMANDS!



GOOD THING I CAME PREPARED



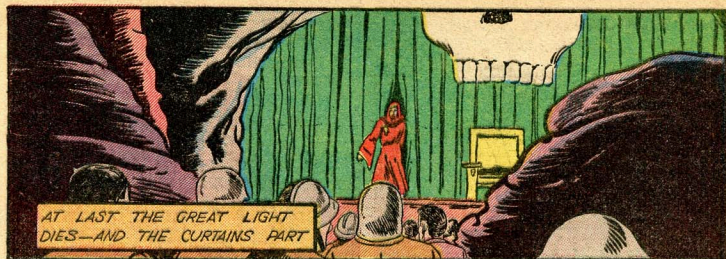
DEAN, FEARING SOME FORM OF HYPNOSIS, PLUGS HIS EARS WITH COTTON.....

AND, AS THE OTHERS, HYPNOTIZED, OBEY COMMANDS, DEAN IMITATES THEM ~

I'LL JUST SWAY LIKE THEY DO







AT LAST THE GREAT LIGHT  
DIES—AND THE CURTAINS PART



MAKE WAY FOR THE MASTER OF  
THE WORLD

THE CONQUEROR—  
BIG AS LIFE—



WE WILL DEFEAT BOTH NAMREG  
AND THE SIRAPES—MY MIGHT KNOWS NO  
LIMITS !!



AND I—AND YOU WITH ME WILL  
RULE THE WORLD! NO ONE CAN  
STOP ME—NO ONE !!



THAT MAN! DENTON! GUARDS, SIEZE  
HIM, AND BRING HIM TO ME !!



SO! MY HYPNOSIS  
GOT EVEN YOU,  
EH DENTON?

YES—SIRE—  
MASTER—

DEAN PRETENDS TO BE HYPNOTIZED..





ALWAYS I HAVE WANTED YOUR  
BRAINS ON MY SIDE, DENTON.  
THIS IS THE  
CHANCE!



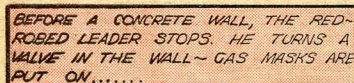
I CAN USE YOU. YOU SHALL TAKE PART  
IN TOMORROW'S RAID! JUST A FEW  
MORE RECRUITS, AND  
I STRIKE!

WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT

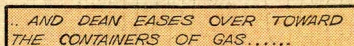


THE GAS IS THE  
CRUCIAL POINT—

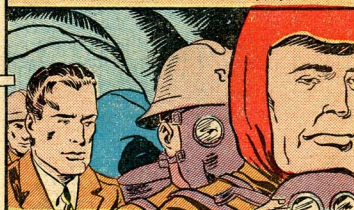
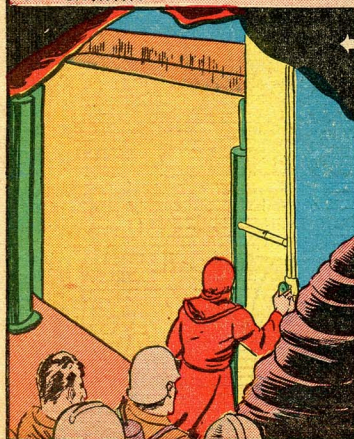
SO THE NEXT NIGHT, DEAN, AND  
A COMPANY OF HYPNOTIZED MEN,  
STEAL THROUGH A LONG TUNNEL



BEFORE A CONCRETE WALL, THE RED-  
ROBED LEADER STOPS. HE TURNS A  
VALVE IN THE WALL— GAS MASKS ARE  
PUT ON.....



.. AND DEAN EASES OVER TOWARD  
THE CONTAINERS OF GAS.....



AT THEM!

THE WALL DROPS, AND THE ATTACK BEGINS

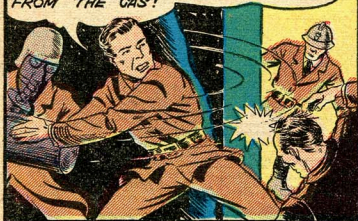


BUT DEAN, SWINGING  
MIGHTY BLOWS, SIEZES  
THE GAS CONTAINERS...

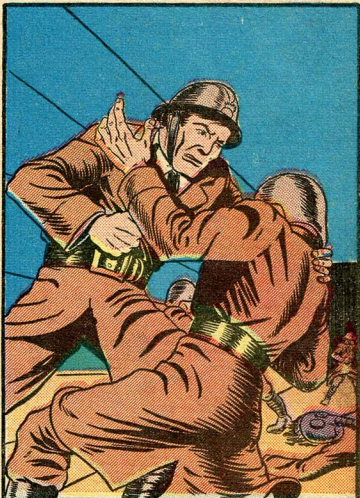
NOT TODAY  
MY FRIEND!



ATTACK, WHILE I KEEP THEM AWAY  
FROM THE GAS!



AND IN THE END, THE RAIDERS ARE  
ALL CAPTURED.....



A SHORT, FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES....

NOW! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES,  
OUT OF HERE, QUICK!





**"RUN! FASTER! THE PLACE IS MINED!"**

**LED BY DEAN, TROOPS POUR OUT OF THE TONIGAM LINE.**

**THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND THE AREA JUST QUITTED IS SHATTERED**

**I KNEW THE CONQUEROR WOULD DO THAT AS SOON AS HE REALIZED THE RAID HAD FAILED!**

**WELL GENERAL, I'VE A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT'S UP.**

**THE NEXT DAY**

**HE'S CONTROLLING THE MEN HE CAPTURES BY HYPNOSIS, AND PLANS TO LICK YOU~ THE SIRAPES AND THE NAMREGS!**

**IMPOSSIBLE!**

**MAYBE! BUT THE CONQUEROR CAN CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE.**

**I AGREE! HE MUST BE STOPPED!**

**WELL~ I HAVE A PLAN TO RAID HIS CAVES, LISTEN~**

**WHAT IS DEAN'S PLAN?**

**READ ABOUT IT NEXT MONTH IN KEEN DETECTIVE FUNNIES**



# SPARK O'LEARY



*News-hawk  
by Chas Pearson*

-AND THIS CONCLUDES OUR BROADCAST, GOOD NIGHT!

SPARK, THERE'S A MAN FROM THE GOVERNMENT OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU!



MR. O'LEARY WE THINK YOU CAN BE OF INVALUABLE AID TO US...WILL YOU COME TO HEADQUARTERS AND LET US EXPLAIN OUR SITUATION TO YOU!

4C



AT HEADQUARTERS

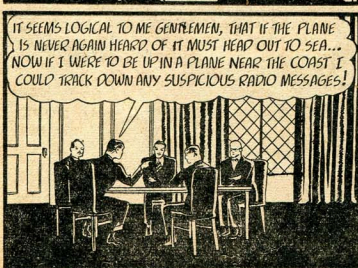
BY SLUGGING AND DRUGGING THE GUARDS AT MILITARY AIRPORTS A MOB OF SUPER-GANGSTERS HAVE BEEN STEALING ALL THE LATEST MODELS OF THE ARMY'S PLANES...ONCE STOLEN THEY ARE NEVER AGAIN HEARD OF!



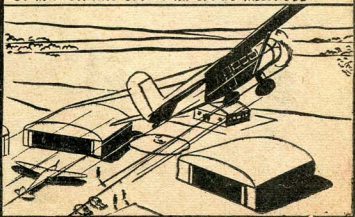
NOW WE THINK THEY MIGHT BE TRACED BY RADIO...HENCE WE HAVE CALLED ON YOU!



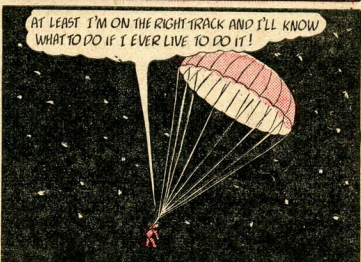
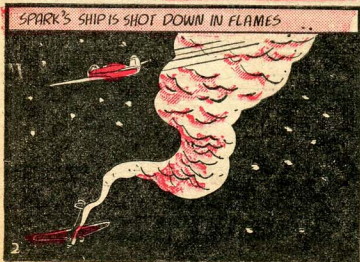
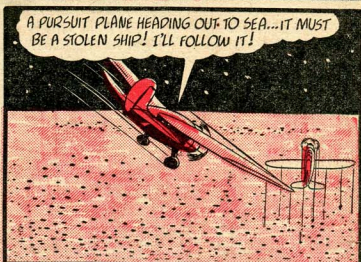
IT SEEMS LOGICAL TO ME GENTLEMEN, THAT IF THE PLANE IS NEVER AGAIN HEARD OF IT MUST HEAD OUT TO SEA... NOW IF I WERE TO BE UP IN A PLANE NEAR THE COAST I COULD TRACK DOWN ANY SUSPICIOUS RADIO MESSAGES!



SO THE NEXT DAY FINDS SPARK FLYING OUT IN HOPES OF INTERCEPTING ONE OF THE GANG'S MESSAGES





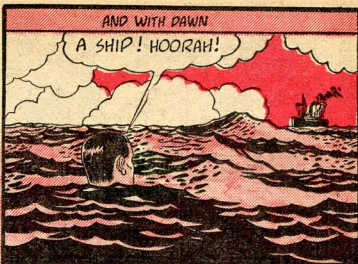




IF I CAN STAY AFLOAT UNTIL MORNING I  
MIGHT GET PICKED UP BY A PASSING SHIP!



AND WITH DAWN  
A SHIP! HOORAH!

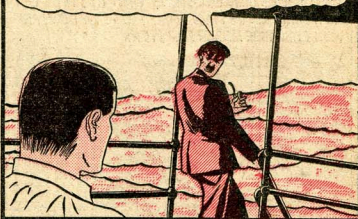


SPARK IS PICKED UP BY A TRAMP STEAMER  
PLYING FROM NEW YORK TO AFRICA

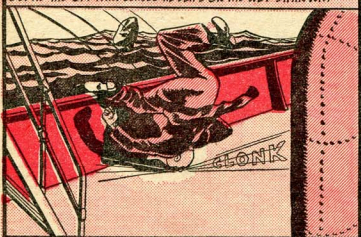
BUT CAPTAIN, I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO TURN YOUR  
SHIP AROUND... I'M MERELY ASKING YOU TO  
RADIO THE COAST GUARD AND HAVE THEM COME PICK  
ME UP IN ONE OF THEIR SEAPLANES!



I AIN'T RADIOING NOBODY...IF YOU DON'T  
LIKE AFRICA YOU CAN JUMP BACK INTO THE OCEAN!



BUT AS THE CAPTAIN LEAVES HE SLIPS ON THE WET STAIRWAY



CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN...WE'LL HAVE TO RADIO FOR  
A COAST GUARD PLANE TO TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

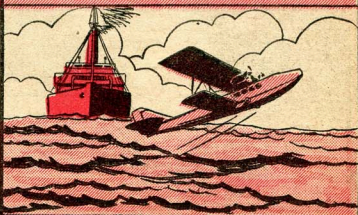


SPARK GOES UP TO THE RADIO ROOM AND  
CONTACTS THE COAST GUARD

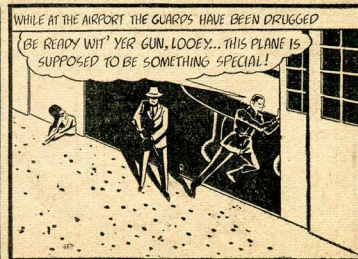
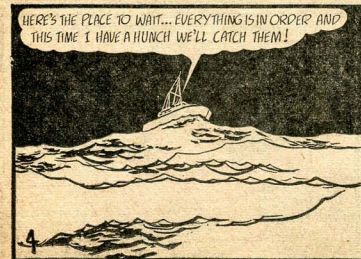
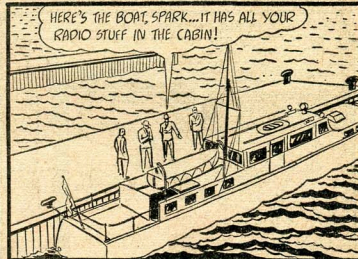
-SEA IS A BIT HEAVY BUT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE  
TO LAND WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!



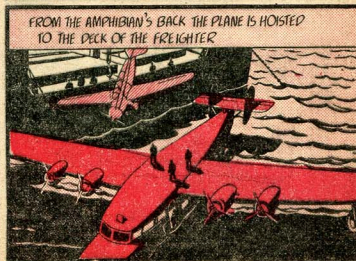
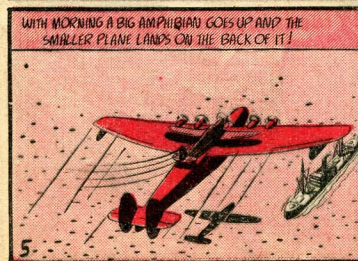
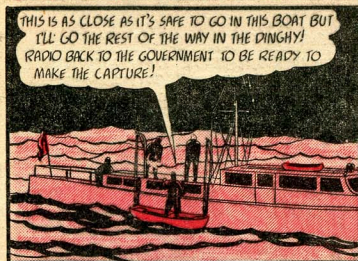
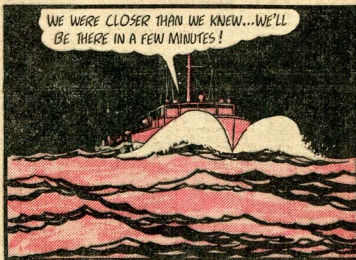
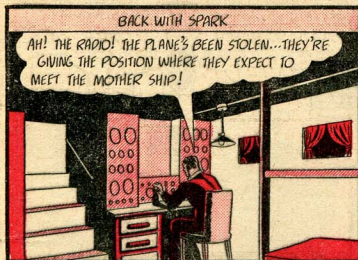
AS THE INJURED CAPTAIN IS TAKEN BACK TO  
SHORE SPARK GOES WITH HIM



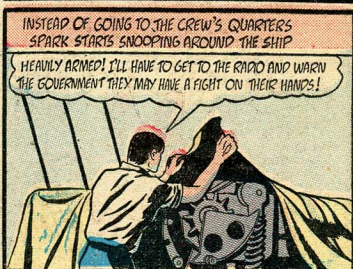
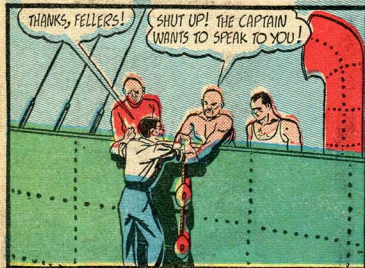
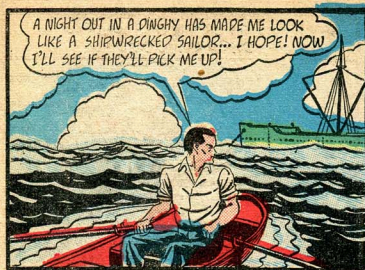




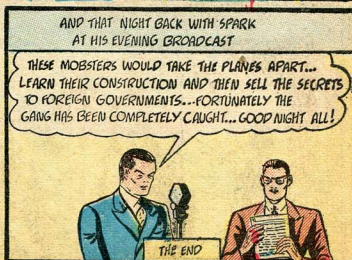
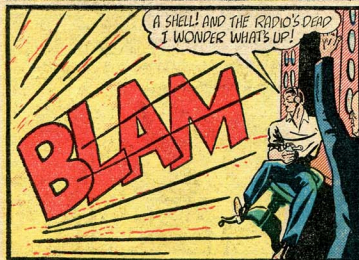
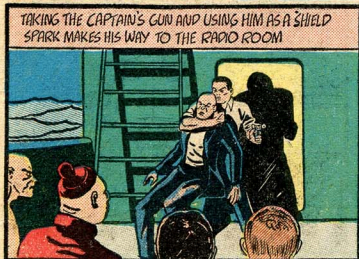
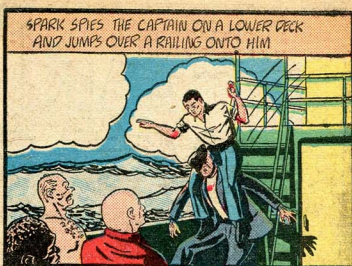
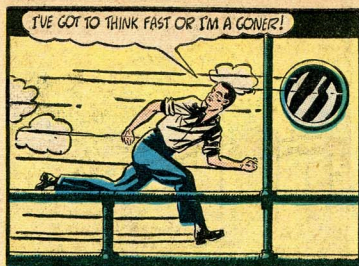














# DEAN MASTERS

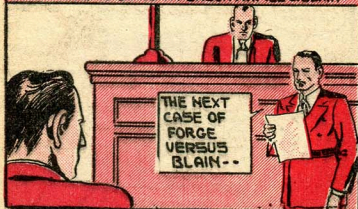
D.A.

DEAN MASTERS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR BAY CITY, RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS LETTER REQUESTING HIS PRESENCE AT A COURT SESSION. STRANGELY IT IS ONLY A CIVIL SUIT INVOLVING PRINCIPALS OF A GREAT STEEL INDUSTRY



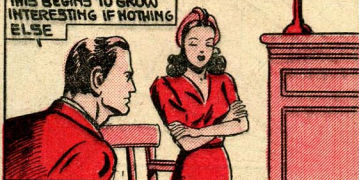
*C. G. S. 5/22*

THE CASE IS CALLED. DEAN MASTERS IS THERE OUT OF CURIOSITY. DONALD FORGE THE SON OF THE FORMER STEEL KING IS SUING A PERSON NAMED C. BLAIN.



THE CASE UNRAVELED SLOWLY UNTIL THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DEFENDANT TAKES THE STAND. FOR C. BLAIN IS A WOMAN AND FORGE'S FORMER SECRETARY

C. BLAIN... A WOMAN... THIS BEGINS TO GROW INTERESTING IF NOTHING ELSE



CYNTHIA TELLS HER STORY:

■ MY FATHER WAS AN EMPLOYEE OF THE FORGE MILLS... BUT SECRETLY HE HAD PERFECTED A FORMULA FOR HARDENING STEEL THAT WOULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE STEEL INDUSTRY...



CYNTHIA! I'VE FOUND IT! WE'LL BE RICH!

FATHER! HOW WONDERFUL! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS



"BUT WHEN FATHER TOOK A PRODUCT OF HIS EXPERIMENTS TO PRESIDENT FORGE HE WAS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT"

YOU SEE, IT WILL MAKE MILLIONS... I BELIEVE, ANYWAY...



YOU'RE WRONG, JOHN... IT'S NO GOOD TO US. WOULD BE TOO EXPENSIVE TO TRY..

WHEN BLAIN HAD LEFT FORGE... WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT FORMULA SOMEWAY, DON. IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE

I GET IT, DAD, WHY PAY AN OLD FOOL LIKE BLAINE?



"EVERY MOON I BROUGHT FATHER A WARM LUNCH FATHER TOLD ME... I TRIED TO CHEER HIM"

THEY REFUSE TO CONSIDER IT, CYNTHIA... WOULDN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT IT...



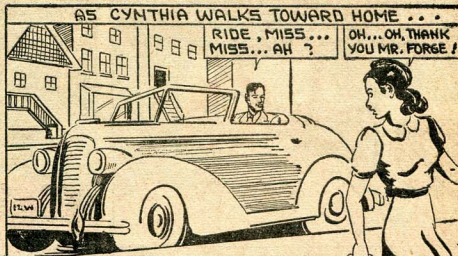
CHEER UP, DAD... THERE ARE STEEL MEN WHO WILL LISTEN TO YOU!



DON, LOOK DOWN IN THE YARD... THERE'S THE ANSWER

SAY... YOU HAVE GOT SOMETHING THERE, DAD!

THE ELDER FORGE POINTED OUT TO HIS SON... CYNTHIA BLAIN -



AS CYNTHIA WALKS TOWARD HOME...

RISE, MISS... MISS... AH?

OH... OH, THANK YOU MR. FORGE!

TELL ME, CYNTHIA... CAN'T I CALL FOR YOU SOME NIGHT SOON?

FOR ME? OH, MR... OH, DON, I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU... BUT...



IF YOU CARE FOR HIM, CYNTHIA AND HE CARES FOR YOU... I DON'T OBJECT... I DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST HIM THAT HIS FATHER CAN'T SEE MY WAY

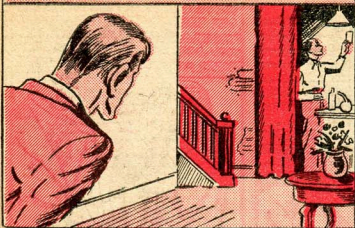
OH, FATHER, THANK YOU!... I DO LOVE HIM! HE'LL COME TO NITE



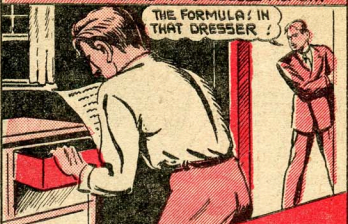
A WEEK LATER



WHEN CYNTHIA IS OUT OF THE ROOM, DON FORGE WATCHES JOHN BLAINE...



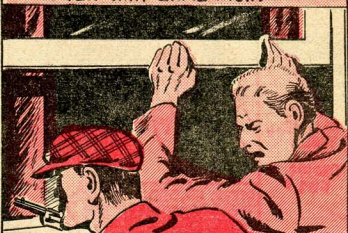
GRADUALLY BECOMING TRUSTED, DON FORGE WATCHES JOHN BLAINE IN A CARELESS MOMENT



SHORTLY THEREAFTER DON TAKES HIS LEAVE



LATER THAT SAME NIGHT ---



WHAT'S THAT! CYNTHIA, IS THAT YOU?



I GOT THE PAPER.. LET'S GO







FATHER ! FATHER ...  
HE'S DEAD !



OH DON !  
WHO COULD  
HAVE DONE  
IT ? FATHER  
DIDN'T HAVE  
AN ENEMY  
IN THE  
WORLD !

POOR  
KID !



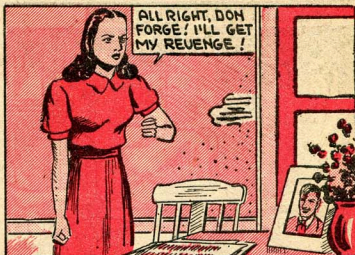
DON GRADUALLY GROWS COLD TOWARD CYNTHIA

NOT COMING  
AGAIN TONIGHT  
... I'M SELFISH  
TO CRY, BUT...



THE FORMULA ... DON FORGE  
STOLE IT OR HAD IT STOLEN..  
.. AND I WAS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR FATHER'S DEATH !

FORGE STEEL  
HAS  
NEW PATENT  
THAT WILL  
REVOLUTIONIZE  
STEEL INDUSTRY



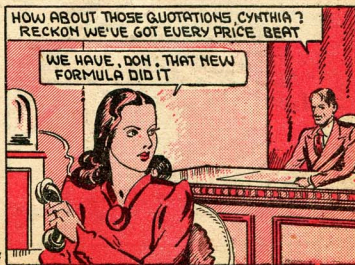
ALL RIGHT, DON  
FORGE ! I'LL GET  
MY REVENGE !



FORGE, TRYING TO EASE HIS CONSCIENCE  
GIVES CYNTHIA A JOB

DON, I'VE GOT TO GET  
WORK ... WITH FATHER  
GONE

SURE, CYNTHIA COME TO  
WORK FOR  
ME !



HOW ABOUT THOSE QUOTATIONS, CYNTHIA ?  
RECKON WE'VE GOT EVERY PRICE BEAT

WE HAVE, DON. THAT NEW  
FORMULA DID IT



DON DOESN'T REALIZE THAT CYNTHIA KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THE FORMULA .

THAT AND YOUR BRAINS...DON'T KNOW WHAT WE EVER DID WITHOUT YOU .



CYNTHIA, ALL THAT TROUBLE... SORT OF SEPARATED US... BUT NOW... COULDN'T WE

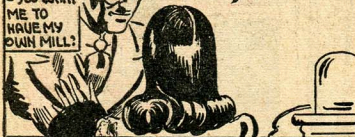


YOU MEAN START OVER AGAIN, DON ? OH...YES..

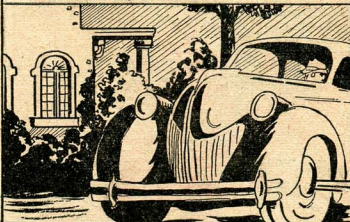
I WANT YOU TO HAVE YOUR OWN BUSINESS THOUGH, DON. TO STAND ON YOUR OWN FEET !

YOU MEAN TO IMPROVE THE STEEL BUSINESS? -YOU WANT ME TO HAVE MY OWN MILL?

I HAVE SOME NOTES THAT FATHER MADE...THINGS... HE PLANNED TO DO... HE LEFT THEM WITH ME...



A NIGHT SHORTLY AFTER THE ELDER FORGE RETURNS HOME



DEATH FROM THE BRUSH .



HOW ABOUT THOSE FORMULAS, CYNTHIA...AFTER ALL I OWN THIS BUSINESS NOW...

I HAVEN'T ANY...FOR MURDERERS !

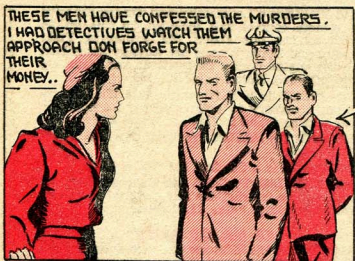
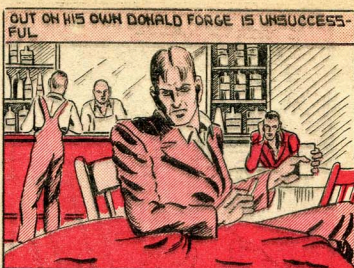
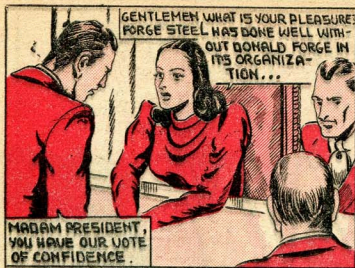


CYNTHIA !

YOU MURDERED MY FATHER! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MURDER YOUR OWN. I ONLY WANTED YOU TO HAVE A BUSINESS I COULD CONTROL !



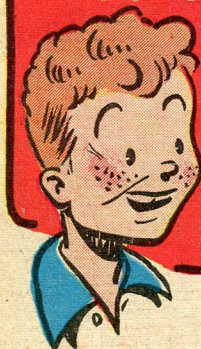




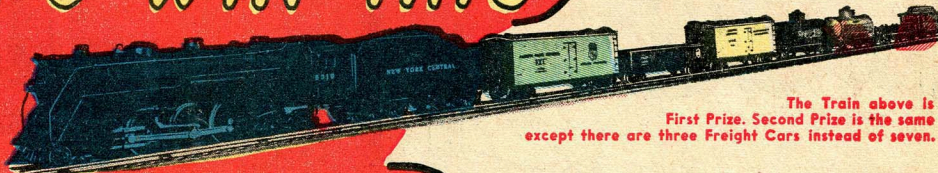


# OH BOY! LET'S WIN THIS

OVER \$150.00  
IN PRIZES



# TRAIN



OR ANY ONE OF 558 OTHER BIG PRIZES  
BY ENTERING THIS EASY CONTEST

The Train above is  
First Prize. Second Prize is the same  
except there are three Freight Cars instead of seven.

Here's YOUR chance to win a complete, tru-life, miniature electric train set—or any one of 558 other swell prizes—by building a simple, model Railroad Station! We'll send you complete cut-out plans—all you have to do is to paste the plans on a piece of cardboard, carefully cut apart the different sections, paste them together as shown in the instructions, and color the station to suit your taste. Then, mail your model Railroad Station to Uncle Joe—you may win one of those swell model electric train sets! It's going to be lots of fun building the station—it will be even more thrilling to own one of those electric two-rail, remote control train sets, complete with transformer!

Any boy or girl who lives in the U. S. A.—or its possessions, is eligible to enter this contest. So don't delay—mail the entry blank below, with a 3c stamp (to cover postage on the plans), to Uncle Joe today! Your entry blank must be postmarked not later than July 15th, 1940—and all models must be in the mails by midnight, August 15th, 1940. Prizes will be awarded for the most attractive model stations submitted. Don't miss this big opportunity—mail YOUR entry blank today!

## HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES:

- To enter, print your name, address and age in the entry blank below and send it WITH A 3c STAMP to Uncle Joe, Suite 1901, 215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.
- When you receive the cut-out plans, paste them on cardboard and build a model Railroad Station in accordance with printed instructions.
- Send the completed model Railroad Station to Uncle Joe for final judging. Complete details will be sent with your plans.
- Your entry blank must be in the mails not later than July 15th, 1940.
- Contest closes August 15th, 1940 and all models must be in the mails by midnight of that date.
- Prizes will be awarded on the basis of neatness, accuracy and attractiveness of your model Railroad Station. Entries will be judged by the editorial staff of "Model Craftsman" and Uncle Joe. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Uncle Joe and will not be returned.
- Any boy or girl can compete except employees of this company or their relatives. Contest open to residents of the United States or its possessions.

Mail this Entry Blank Today

UNCLE JOE: Suite 1901, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Enter my name in your First Annual Model Building Contest and mail me the free cut-out plans so I can get started on my model. I have enclosed a 3c stamp to cover postage on the plans.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

IMPORTANT: No plans sent unless 3c stamp accompanies this entry blank.

## TEN GRAND PRIZES

1st PRIZE is the Electric train pictured above. It's a seven car steam type freight with remote directional control and automatic coupling. In addition to the Engine and Tender there are seven other cars; a Pacific Fruit Express, a P.R.R. Gondola, a Merchants Despatch, a Sinclair Oil Car, and a Texas Oil Car, a loaded Flat Car, and a Caboose. The over all length of the complete train is 56 1/4". There are sixteen sections of curve track and four sections of straight track which make a running oval of 192" Retail value \$31.25.

2d PRIZE is a three car Freight Train 51" long. The locomotive and Tender are the same as above but with three freight cars; a Gondola, Merchants Despatch, and Caboose. There are also sixteen sections of curve track which make a circle 152" in circumference. Both of these trains are "Tru-Model" miniatures to HO scale, completely set up and ready to run. Retail value \$20.70.

3d PRIZE is a four car Freight Train Kit. This kit contains all the units to assemble a complete

four car train including Locomotive and Tender, Refrigerator Car, Oil Car, Gondola and Caboose. There is also a remote control unit included. All kits contain instruction sheet, paint, brushes, etc. Retail value \$17.70.

4th PRIZE is a Locomotive and Tender Kit with a remote control unit included. In this kit as well as the one above, the Armature, Field Gears and Drive Wheels are already assembled to the engine frame. Instructions and materials are included. Retail value \$13.75.

5th PRIZE is a Refrigerator Car Kit. Everything necessary to build a model Refrigerator car will be found in this kit. Value \$1.50.

6th AND 7th PRIZES are Tank Car Kits. Value \$1.50 each.

8th PRIZE is a Gondola Kit. Value \$1.50.

9th AND 10th PRIZES are Caboose Kits. All kits contain instructions and material necessary for assembling. Value \$1.50 each.

## 48 MAJOR PRIZES

11th TO 22d PRIZES are one-year subscriptions to "Model Craftsman", a monthly magazine de-

voted to model building. Model Craftsman has hints and instructions on making all kinds of models; complete railroads, boats, airplanes, guns, etc. Value \$2.50 each subscription.

23d TO 34th PRIZES are handbooks entitled "How to Build a Model Railroad". This is a step by step handbook for beginners and veterans on building as well as maintaining a model railroad. Value \$1.50 each.

35th TO 46th PRIZES are Model Craftsman Plan Portfolios. These are loose leaf plans and instructions for making model railroad cars. Each plan drawn to scale. Value \$1.00 each.

47th TO 58th PRIZES are one-year subscriptions to "Miniature Railroad", a bi-monthly publication for the every day model railroader. Value 75c each subscription.

## 500 HONORABLE MENTION PRIZES

Each contestant who fails to win one of the Grand Prizes or the Major Prizes, but whose entry, in the opinion of the judges, deserves Honorable Mention, will receive a copy of the magazine "Model Craftsman".

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY PRIZES YOU CAN WIN!

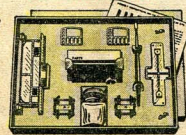
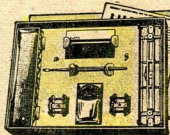
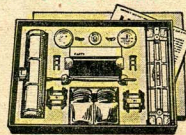
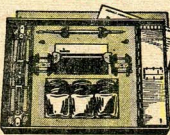
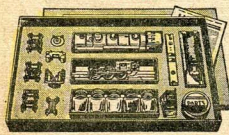
4th Prize

5th Prize

6th & 7th Prizes

8th Prize

9th & 10th Prizes



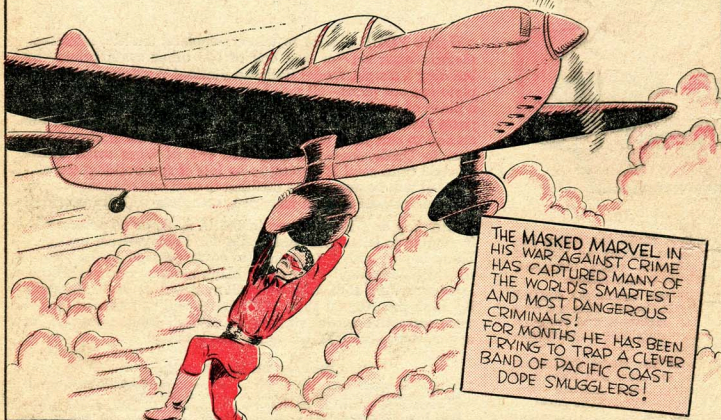
UNCLE JOE'S  
FIRST ANNUAL

# MODEL BUILDING CONTEST



# The MASKED MARVEL

SUPER SLEUTH



THE MASKED MARVEL IN HIS WAR AGAINST CRIME HAS CAPTURED MANY OF THE WORLD'S SMARTEST AND MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS! FOR MONTHS HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO TRAP A CLEVER BAND OF PACIFIC COAST DOPE SMUGGLERS!

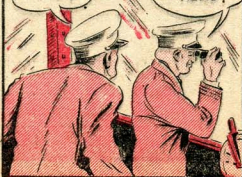


THE TRAMP STEAMSHIP "WESTPORT" NEARS THE CALIFORNIA COAST WITH A CARGO FROM CHINA.

IN THE WHEELHOUSE, THE FIRST MATE SPEAKS TO CAPTAIN HANS HEIMER, WHOSE ACTIVITIES IN THE CHINA SEAS LONG AGO GAVE HIM AN UNSAVORY REPUTATION AMONG SEAFARING MEN.

THAT SPEED-BOAT APPROACHING.... DOES SHE FLY A RED AND BLACK FLAG?

THINK SO, MATE.... LOOKS LIKE IT FROM HERE!



THEN THAT'S "BAT" WALSH!

O.K. TOSS THE STUFF OVERBOARD!





SEVERAL AIR-TIGHT CANS, CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF OPIUM, ARE THROWN INTO THE PACIFIC!

THEY'LL SPOT THESE CANS AND PICK THEM UP AFTER WE GO ON!



THAT'S THE "WESTPORT"! THEY'VE SPOTTED US AND HAVE TOSSED THE STUFF OVER THE SIDE!

ALL WE GOTTA DO NOW IS PICK IT UP, EH "BAT"?



DON'T MISS ANY OF 'EM! HOOK THAT GAFF THROUGH THE HANDLE!



FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE WATER, A U.S. COAST GUARD PLANE SEES THE SPEEDBOAT...

WHAT'S THAT BOAT DOING DOWN THERE? ISN'T ANY FISHING THIS FAR OFF SHORE!



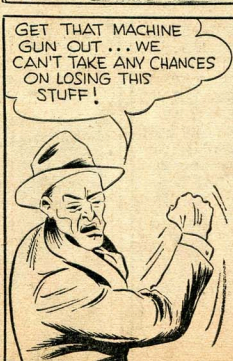
WE'LL LAND AND TAKE A LOOK... MAYBE THEY'VE RUN OUT OF GAS!



LOOK "BAT"! A COAST GUARD PLANE!



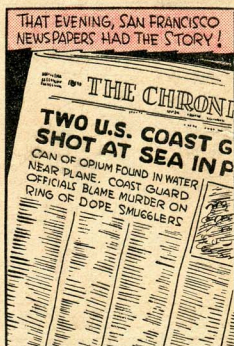
GET THAT MACHINE GUN OUT... WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON LOSING THIS STUFF!



HELLO, THERE! IN TROUBLE? SAY, WHAT ARE THOSE CANS FLOATING IN THE WATER?



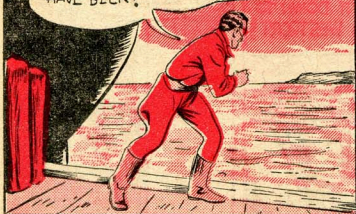




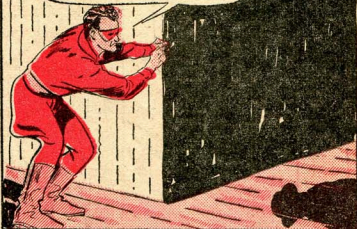


THE MASKED MARVEL VISITS THE WATERFRONT.

THAT OPIUM CAN FOUND IN THE WATER WAS APPARENTLY ONE OF A SHIPMENT DROPPED BY A PASSING STEAMER AND PICKED UP BY THE MURDERERS! NOW.... WHAT SHIP COULD THAT HAVE BEEN?



THE MURDER OCCURRED AT 4:30 IN THE AFTERNOON.... ANY STEAMSHIP PASSING THAT SPOT AT THAT TIME WOULD HAVE DOCKED HERE ABOUT SUNDOWN! HERE COMES SOMEONE... IT'S A WATCHMAN .....



COME HERE... I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!



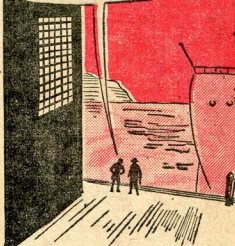
HEY... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?

A MASKED MAN! I'M GONNA TURN YOU IN!



NO YOU'RE NOT! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU... ANSWER MY QUESTIONS!

DID A STEAMSHIP FROM THE ORIENT TIE UP HERE THIS EVENING?



WHY.... SURE, THE WESTPORT! COME IN FROM CHINA ABOUT DARK THIS EVENING.... ONLY ONE HERE .....



WESTPORT?

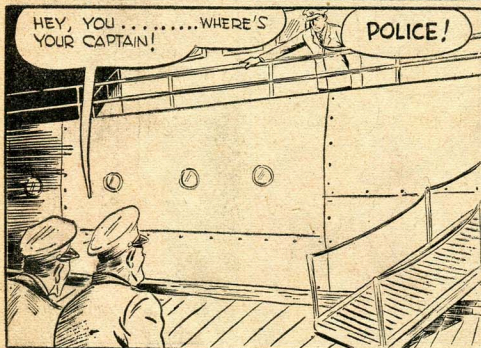
WHERE IS SHE?

RIGHT DOWN AT THE END OF THIS DOCK. BUT... HEY... YOU CAN'T GO DOWN THERE!

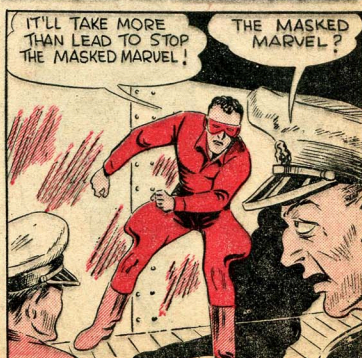
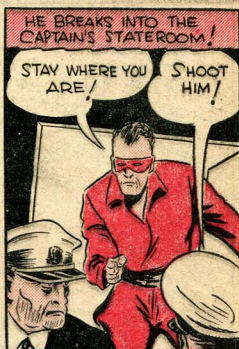
TRY TO STOP ME!



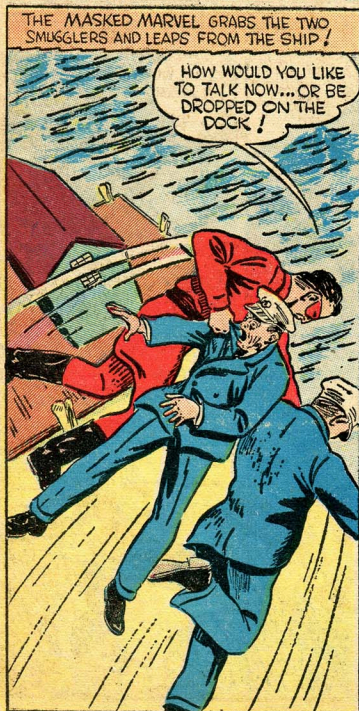














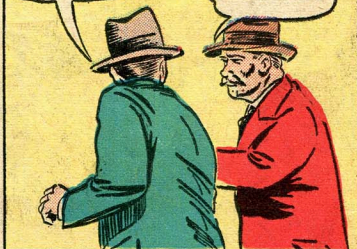
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, "BAT" VISITS THE STEAMSHIP TO FIND THE CAPTAIN AND MATE GONE!

FUNNY... THEY WERE TO MEET ME HERE TO GET THE MONEY FOR THE OPIUM. I'LL ASK THE DOCK WATCHMAN IF HE'S SEEN THEM!



SAY, WATCHMAN... DID YOU SEE THE CAPTAIN AND MATE OF THE WESTPORT?

NO... BUT SOME COPS WENT ABOARD THE SHIP A SHORT WHILE AGO!

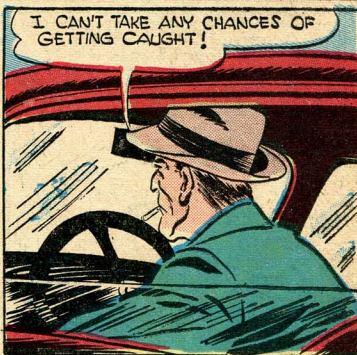


COPS! THAT MUST MEAN THE POLICE SUSPECT US! I GOTTA' LEAVE FAST!

THAT FELLA' SURE RAN QUICK WHEN I MENTIONED THE POLICE!

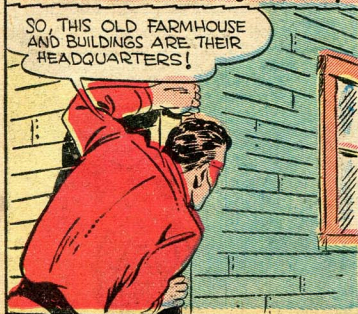


I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF GETTING CAUGHT!



THE MASKED MARVEL ARRIVES AT THE SECRET HIDEOUT OF THE SMUGGLERS!

SO, THIS OLD FARMHOUSE AND BUILDINGS ARE THEIR HEADQUARTERS!



INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE.....

"BAT" OUGHT TO GET BACK 'PRETTY SOON! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET RID OF THIS SHIPMENT... THAT COAST GUARD KILLIN' COULD GET US IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE!

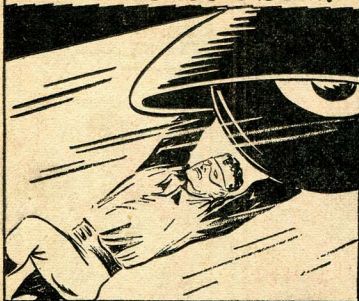






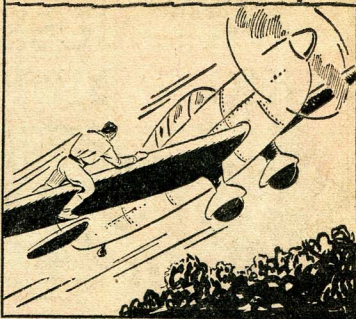


AS THE PLANE ROARS AWAY, THE MASKED MARVEL CATCHES THE LANDING GEAR!



HE SWINGS UP ON THE WING!

110

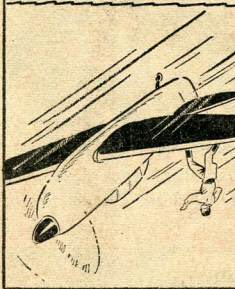


THE CROOK SEES HIM!

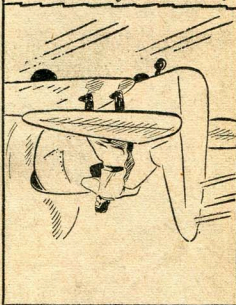
THE MASKED MARVEL!  
I'LL GET RID OF HIM!



HE TURNS THE PLANE UPSIDE DOWN! BUT, THE MASKED MARVEL DOES NOT FALL OFF!



HE WALKS TO THE COCKPIT, AND PULLS THE COVER BACK!



REACHING INSIDE, THE MASKED MARVEL QUICKLY FLIPS OPEN "BAT'S" SAFETY BELT!



WH-WH-WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO?  
NO...STOP!

THE SMUGGLER FALLS OUT OF THE PLANE TO HIS DEATH!



NOW, I'LL RETURN AND MAKE SURE THE REST OF HIS MEN DON'T ESCAPE AND THAT WILL END THE SMUGGLING GANG!

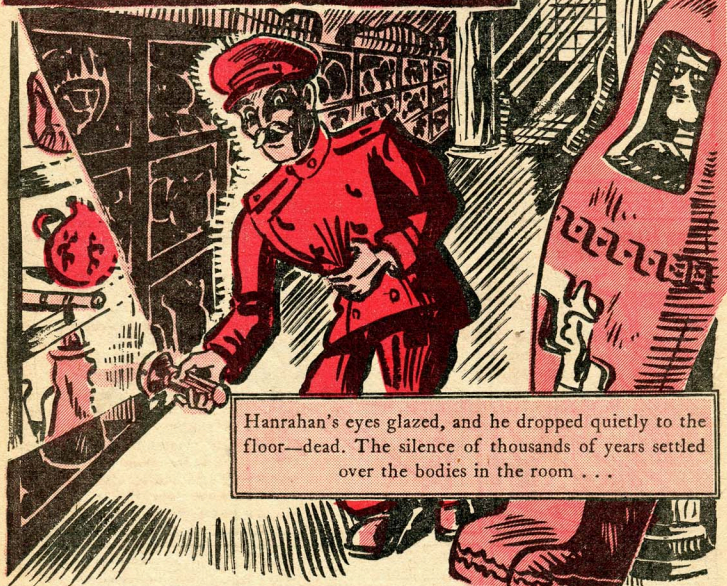


... MORE MASKED MARVEL  
ADVENTURES HERE NEXT MONTH!



# THE MUSEUM GHOST MURDERS

by Ray Gill



Hanrahan's eyes glazed, and he dropped quietly to the floor—dead. The silence of thousands of years settled over the bodies in the room . . .

**T**HEY should be here before now!" A look of worried anxiety marked the countenance of Guard Clyde Hanrahan. A quick glance at his watch with the assistance of his flashlight showed the time to be two-fifteen A.M. The light cast eerie shadows in the otherwise black interior of the Egyptian wing of the famous British Museum.

Guarding the priceless jewels from the newly opened tomb of King Tutth was a big job . . . and a dangerous one. It had been impressed on their minds that these jewels would be as sought after as general peace in Europe. The appointed time for the three guards to meet at the large glass dome housing the Egyptian jewels was at exactly two A.M.

"I'd better take a look around, no telling what might happen in this room tonight . . ." A pin of light from his flash searched across the glassy stone floor, bringing ancient mummy cases and thousand year old wrapped bodies into view. The moving shadows seemed to bring twitching life to these long dead Egyptians.

Suddenly Hanrahan stopped . . . the oval of white light framed the body of his friend and assistant . . . sprawled on the cold stone . . . quite dead! A quick search around the body, and a brief but thorough examination disclosed nothing . . . no bullet wounds, knife wounds . . . Hanrahan rose to his feet. "He certainly must have seen something horrible . . . my guess is that he was frightened to death!"



Heart attack was common, but Hanrahan was inclined to think differently when he came upon a second body . . . Guard O'Leary . . . with the same strange symptoms.

"There's something in here . . . and I'm going to find it!" Cautiously he trained his flash on the various cases about him . . . then up and down the corridors. Upon coming into his own territory, he clicked on his torch for a survey of the odds and ends on the shelves which lined the high walls of the museum.

"Let's see, gold crowns . . . bracelets, necklaces . . . but no weapons . . . except . . . OHhhhhhhh!" Guard Clyde Hanrahan, eyes popping, clutched his midsection and quietly dropped to the floor . . . the third victim . . . the last remaining guard in the Egyptian wing of the British museum. The silence of thousands of years descended on the many bodies in the room.

**I**NSPECTOR SCOTT, my men can fight flesh and blood criminals . . . but, Sir, frankly . . . we're stumped when it comes to ghosts." Constable Flinton shook his head in defeat. "I'm afraid you'll have to take it from here, Sir!"

"All right, Constable, place a guard at every entrance to the building. Don't allow anyone to leave or enter . . . until you hear from me. Come on, Jeets!"

Inspector Scott and his assistant, Jerry Jeets, both of Scotland Yard, soon learn that they have a man sized job on their hands.

"Inspector, these men were killed by poisoning . . . the poison of the King Cobra. But there are absolutely no signs of any such reptile on the premises . . ."

Inspector Scott smiled at the young man, "Jeets, I'm afraid you're on the wrong track. Even if you did find a King Cobra . . . It's a known fact that they seldom, if ever, eat rare Egyptian jewels"

"What? The jewels are gone?"

"Yes. And I find that the case was not broken into . . . it was opened with a key . . . as was the front door to this wing. Certainly that was not the work of either a ghost or a King Cobra. We have a real and live criminal to deal with . . . and I might add . . . a dangerous and clever crook as well."

"I can understand how a person might take the dead guard's keys . . . but how do you account for his presence in the building? Besides, wouldn't the other guards hear the alarm when the first one was killed?"

"I shall answer all those questions in due time . . . however, at this moment we have work to do. Call a cab while I pick up a few souvenirs. I'll meet you out front."

**A** QUICK dash through the streets of London soon brought them into the narrow and dirty streets of the Limehouse section. The taxi screeched to a stop in front of a Hindu curio shop . . . and the two Scotland Yard men lost no time in scrambling up the steep wooden steps to the second floor of the old building. Inspector Scott crashed the door in and, pistol in hand, he faced a dark skinned Mohammedan . . . preparing his grip in haste.

"Hello, Ali Singh, going on a trip?"

"You, Inspector Scott! How did you . . . what do you want?"

"How did I know that you were the one who murdered the three guards and stole the King Tutth jewels from the British Museum? Is that what you were going to ask me?"

"I . . ."

"Well, I'll tell you . . . there are many jewel thieves on the loose in London, but only one who uses the poison peculiar to India . . . the Cobra. Then, your use of the all too modern sciences clinched the case . . . you are the only Hindu jewel thief in London who studied at an American University of Science."

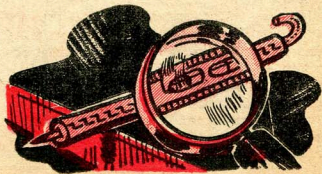
"But, Inspector," Jeets marveled, "How did you know all this . . . how?"

"Our friend here, The Cobra, as the Yard knows him, used a very ingenious device in killing those guards. He utilized three ancient blow guns from the shelves of the museum. He used the new plastic substance which bends light, to plug up the end of the blow gun . . . inside he placed two tiny capsules containing acid and an alkali, the containers of which were sensitive to light.

"When the guards turned their flashlights on the blowguns the light melted the capsules and the chemicals combined to form a lot of gas, carbon dioxide . . . which blew out the tiny poison dart . . . killing them.

"He simply hid himself in an empty mummy case until they all were dead, and calmly stepped out, taking the jewels. Oh, Ali, don't stop packing, you're going on a trip all right. We've got a nice room in Old Bailey, our 'Sing Sing', for you . . . and it won't cost you a cent!"

END





# THE EYE SEES

by Frank Thomas

**THE EYE! - EVER  
MENACING THOSE WHO  
DO WRONG - EVER  
HELPFUL TO THOSE WHO  
SUFFER WRONGS! -  
- EVER PRESENT TO ALL!  
WITH MOTIVE UNLIMITED,  
HE IS THAT QUIRK OF  
EYE ROAMS THE WORLD!  
CIRCUMSTANCE WHICH  
CAUSES EVIL DEEDS TO  
BOOMERANG AND EN-  
MESH THOSE WHO SEEK  
TO EMPLOY THEM !!!  
- HE IS THE SYMBOL  
OF MAN'S INNER  
CONSCIENCE!**

**SPIGETTI! - YOU  
KILLED MY  
BROTHER!**

**ME? - HOW CAN YOU  
SAY SUCH A THING?!  
- I WAS INNOCENT -  
- THAT WAS PROVEN  
BY LAW!**

**LAW - BAH! - PROVEN BY YOUR OWN  
CROOKED POLITICIANS AND COURTS -  
WHO DO AS YOU  
TELL THEM!**



NICKIE WAS JUST A KID WHO GOT IN BAD!  
-YOU TOOK HIM INTO YOUR DIRTY MOB  
AND THEN WOULDN'T LET HIM QUIT!-  
~ I KNOW!- BUT HE WAS TOO SMART FOR  
YOU, NICKIE WAS!- HE GOT AWAY AND  
HEADED FOR THE COAST!- BUT WHAT  
CHANCE DID HE HAVE? -YOUR SAN  
FRANCISCO GORILLAS WERE WAITING  
FOR HIM, AND THE MINUTE HE  
STEPPED OFF THE  
TRAIN, HE GOT HIS!!



-AND YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURS TOO-  
-IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE!

**-YOU MURDERER!!**

**THAT'S ENOUGH!**



**THROW HER OUT, BOYS!- AND DON'T  
EVER LET HER IN AGAIN!**



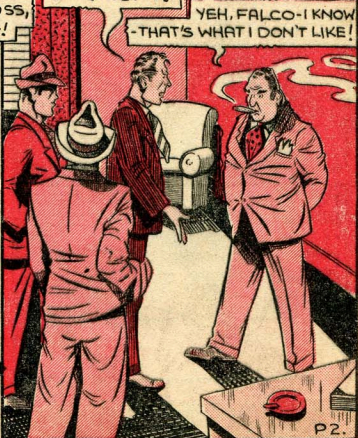
THAT WAS NICK BETTS' SISTER!-GOT  
EXCITED, DIDN'T SHE?-HOW Y'LIKE MY  
TIE, SLOBBER



A PIP, BOSS,  
A PIP-!

WHAT'S A IDEA, SPIGETTI?- WHY CAN'T  
YA LEAVE ME ALONE?- I TELL YOU  
**I'M THROUGH!- I'M GOIN'  
STRAIGHT!**

YEH, FALCO- I KNOW  
-THAT'S WHAT I DON'T LIKE!

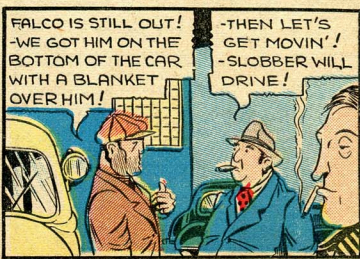
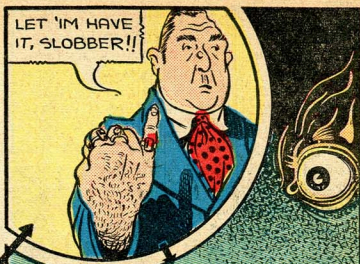


IT CAME FROM THE FINEST FIFT'  
AVENUE -WHAT Y'WANT?

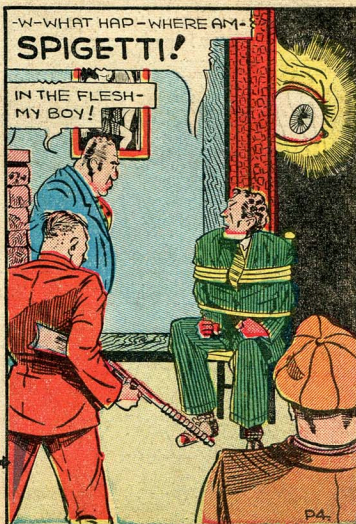
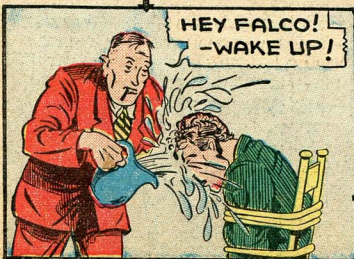
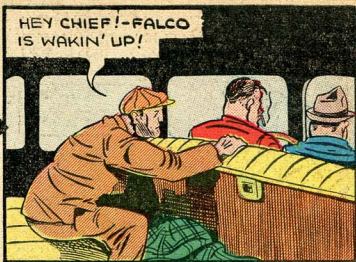
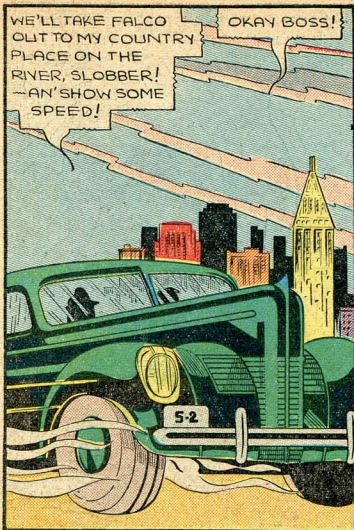
BOSS- THE BOYS'RE  
HERE WITH FALCO!













FALCO, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! -YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT MY ORGANIZATION!  
-WILL YOU JOIN UP??!

**NO!**

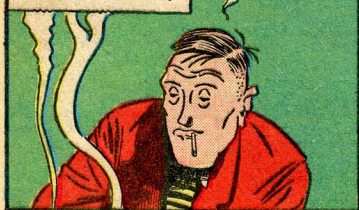
THE ROOM IS DEATHLY SILENT, AS ALL EYES ARE GLUED ON THE PLUGGY RIGHT HAND OF SPIGETTI!  
---WAITING---

---THE FINGERS TWITCH-THEN SLOWLY TWO ARE LIFTED  
-SPIGETTI'S SIGNAL OF DEATH!

---AS IF RELEASED BY A COIL SPRING, THE KILLER LEAPS TO HIS TASK!!!---



**CHEE!** -I NEARLY BLEW HIM TO PIECES!



BOSS!- BOSS-I JUST SAW SOMETHIN!!  
-JUST BEFORE SLOBBER RAN LEAD--  
-IT WAS IN THE NEXT ROOM!

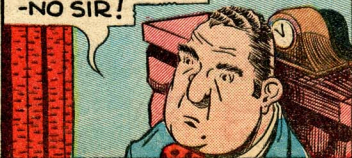


WELL, WHAT?

IT LOOKED LIKE -LIKE-  
**THE EYE!**



**THE EYE!** - YOU MEAN -THE EYE?  
-W-WELL-SO WHAT?-I'M-I'M NOT YELLA! -THE EYE CAN'T HURT ME -NOT SPIGETTI!  
-NO SIR!

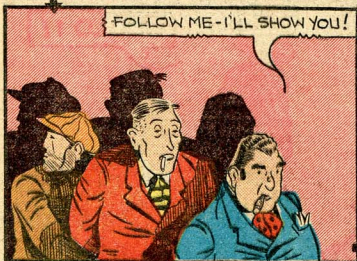




WHAT'LL WE DO WITH  
FALCO'S BODY, BOSS?



FOLLOW ME - I'LL SHOW YOU!

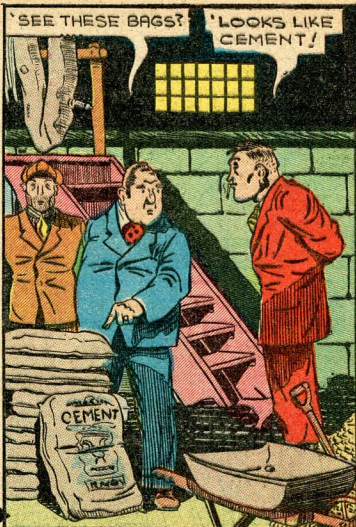


IT IS CEMENT! - NOW LISTEN! - YOU  
BOYS WILL BUILD A BOX - A FORM -  
- BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD FALCO - THEN  
MIX A BATCH OF MORTAR AND POUR  
IT IN ON HIM! - A REGULAR CONCRETE  
COFFIN, SEE?



'SEE THESE BAGS?

'LOOKS LIKE  
CEMENT!

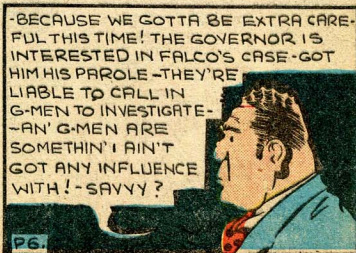


WHEN IT GETS HARD, WE'LL LOAD IT  
ON MY BOAT AND DUMP IT TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!



AW-BOSS-!!  
-THAT'S WORK!  
-WHY NOT FEED  
HIM TO THE  
FISHES AS IS?

-BECAUSE WE GOTTA BE EXTRA CARE-  
FUL THIS TIME! THE GOVERNOR IS  
INTERESTED IN FALCO'S CASE - GOT  
HIM HIS PAROLE - THEY'RE  
LIABLE TO CALL IN  
G-MEN TO INVESTIGATE -  
-AN' G-MEN ARE  
SOMETHIN' I AIN'T  
GOT ANY INFLUENCE  
WITH! - SAVVY?





-BACK IN THE CITY, AT THE APARTMENT  
OF BETTY BETTS-SISTER OF NICKIE...

SPIGETTI KILLED POOR LITTLE NICKIE-  
BUT WHAT CAN  
I DO?-HE RUNS  
THIS TOWN!

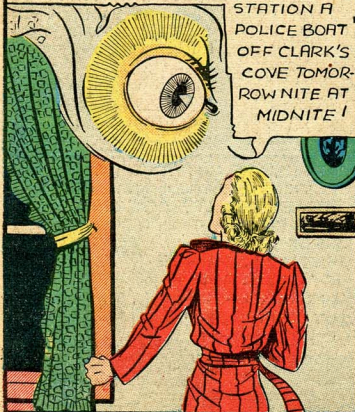


YOU CAN DO  
SOMETHING!



VERY WELL-LISTEN CLOSELY!-GO TO  
THE GOVERNOR!-HE WILL SEE YOU IF  
YOU TELL HIM IT IS ABOUT THE FALCO  
CASE!-TELL THE GOVERNOR THAT IF  
HE WISHES TO SERVE JUSTICE, HE WILL

STATION A  
POLICE BOAT  
OFF CLARK'S  
COVE TOMOR-  
ROW NITE AT  
MIDNITE!

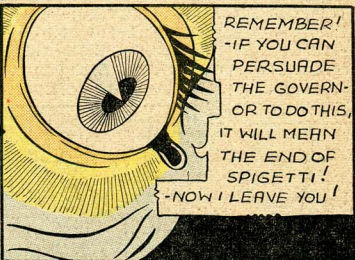


NO MAN IS TOO BIG TO ESCAPE JUSTICE!  
NO, BETTY-NOT EVEN SPIGETTI!- HE  
KILLED YOUR BROTHER-  
HE HAS KILLED MANY  
OTHERS!-I ADMIRE  
YOU FOR YOUR  
BRAVE STAND  
TODAY IN THE  
GANGSTER STRONG-  
HOLD!-WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO SEE SPIGETTI  
BEHIND BARS?

WOULD I!



REMEMBER!  
-IF YOU CAN  
PERSUADE  
THE GOVERN-  
OR TO DO THIS,  
IT WILL MEAN  
THE END OF  
SPIGETTI!  
-NOW I LEAVE YOU!



IT'S GONE!-IT WAS THE EYE!-HE SPOKE  
TO ME -HE IS GOING TO HELP ME !!  
-SPIGETTI-YOU  
ARE DOOMED!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING!

PLEASE, GOVERNOR!

BUT-MY DEAR YOUNG LADY. WHAT IS THE REASON FOR YOUR REQUEST, AND WHAT HAS IT TO DO WITH MR. FALCO?



VERY WELL, IT SHALL BE DONE! —

—CLARK'S COVE IS NOT FAR OFF

THE REGULAR POLICE RUN, ANYWAY!- MEET ME AT THE MUNICIPAL DOCK AT 10 P.M.!- PERHAPS A BOAT RIDE WILL DO US BOTH GOOD!



SUCCESS!- SPIGETTI, YOUR HOURS OF FREEDOM ARE NUMBERED!- NICKIE, BROTHER MINE, I HAVE MADE GOOD MY PROMISE!



I DON'T KNOW- BUT I DO KNOW IT WILL MEAN CONVICTING SPIGETTI!- YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!



IF THIS IS A JOKE, THE CONSEQUENCES WILL BE SERIOUS FOR YOU!- ARE YOU WILLING TO BE A PASSENGER ON THE POLICE BOAT?

WILLING? - I'D LOVE IT!



TIME PASSES- AND THE SCENE SHIFTS!

BOSS- THIS THING WEIGHS A TON! - IT'LL SINK US!

QUIT TALKIN' AND GET IT LOADED!

**SPIGETTI!**





WHAT ARE YOU YELLIN' LIKE THAT FOR,  
YOU FOOL!!- THEY COULD HEAR THAT  
CLEAR ACROSS THE RIVER!  
— MY NAME, TOO!



B-BUT CHIEF—  
IT-IT W-WAS  
**THE EYE!**

YOU'RE DAFFY!-ONE MORE CRACK  
ABOUT THE EYE, AN' YOU'LL GO TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER WIT' FALCO!  
—NOW I'LL GIVE YOU GUYS JUST  
THREE MINUTES TO  
GET THAT THING  
ON THE BOAT AND  
OUT OF HERE!



THIS CEMENT COFFIN  
IDEA GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS!

ME TOO!-WHEN  
DO WE DUMP IT?

SHUT UP!-I'LL TELL  
YOU WHEN!



LOOK-A POLICE BOAT!  
—THEY NEVER CAME  
IN HERE BEFORE!

SO WHAT?-WE'RE  
RUNNIN' WITHOUT  
LIGHTS- THEY  
CAN'T SEE US!-HERE'S  
WHERE WE DUMP FALCO!



**OVER SHE GOES!**

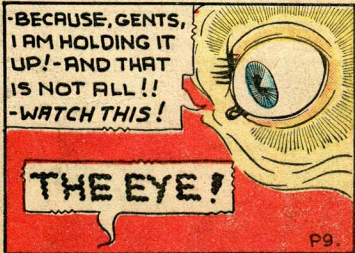


L-LOOK BOSS!-IT-IT FLOATS!  
—LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



WE CAN'T LEAVE THAT THING  
FLOATING AROUND!!  
•WHY DOESN'T  
IT GO  
DOWN?!

—BECAUSE, GENTS,  
I AM HOLDING IT  
UP!-AND THAT  
IS NOT ALL!!  
—WATCH THIS!



**THE EYE!**



SEEMINGLY CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN CURRENT, THE "COFFIN" RAMS THE SMALL CRAFT WITH ITS SHARP CORNER!



WE'RE SINKIN'!

I CAN'T SWIM!

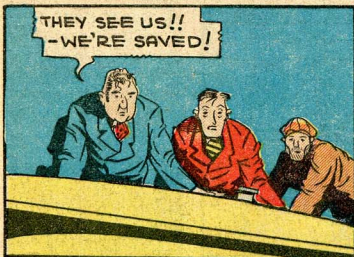
-TURN ON THE LIGHTS-

-SIGNAL THE POLICE BOAT!

-ANYTHING!



THEY SEE US!!  
-WE'RE SAVED!



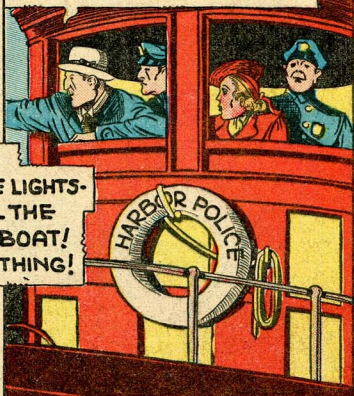
BEG PARDON, GOVERNOR, THERE ALSO SEEMS TO BE A LARGE, OBLONG OBJECT FLOATING ALONGSIDE!

BRING IT ABOARD - IT MAY BE EVIDENCE!

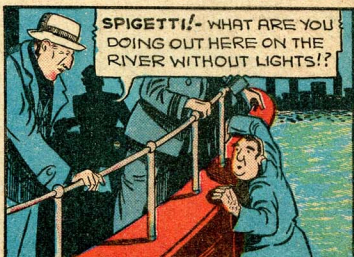


ABOARD THE RIVER PATROL BOAT-

LOOK! - OVER THERE! - LIGHTS! - AND SHOUTING! - FULL POWER AHEAD, CAPTAIN!



SPIGETTI! - WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE ON THE RIVER WITHOUT LIGHTS!?



THE FOLLOWING DAY -

YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW, MISS BETTS, THAT THE MYSTERIOUS "FLOATING" CEMENT BLOCK CONTAINED THE BODY OF FALCO, AND, AS EVIDENCE, WILL SEND SPIGETTI TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

-ANOTHER THRILLING "EYE" STORY NEXT MONTH

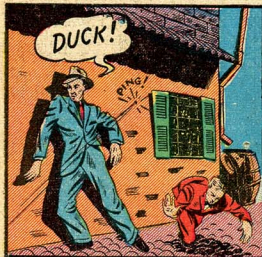




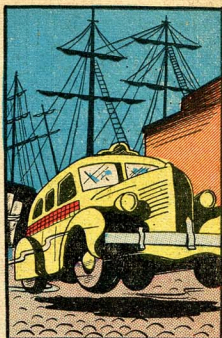
# DAN DENNIS F.B.I.

by Sam Gilman

ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE ACTIVITIES OF A COUNTERFEIT RING IN THE LOWER SECTION OF BROOKLYN - DAN AND TICK BEGIN THEIR SECRET OPERATIONS ALONG THE DOCKS OF THE EAST RIVER .....



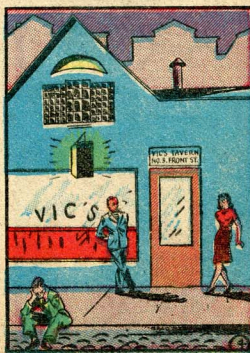




















HYA, BOYS ~  
EVERYTHING  
OKEH?

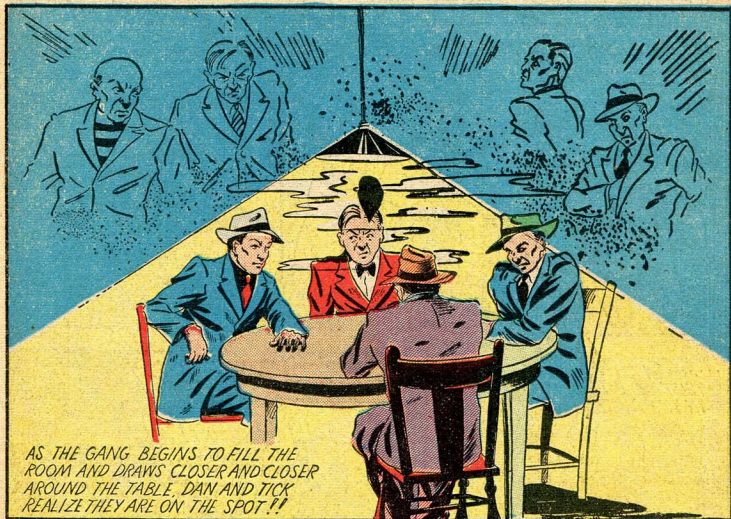


SAY TICK, HE THINKS  
WE'RE PART OF  
HIS GANG!

HYA, BOSS-  
SIT DOWN



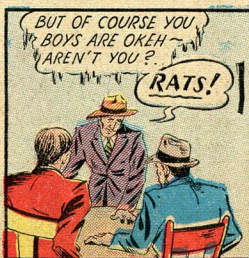
WE GOTTA WATCH OUR  
STEP, BOYS ~ LOTTA  
SNEAKS SNOOPIN'  
AROUND!...



AS THE GANG BEGINS TO FILL THE  
ROOM AND DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER  
AROUND THE TABLE, DAN AND TICK  
REALIZE THEY ARE ON THE SPOT!!



IT'D BE JUST TOO BAD  
FOR 'EM IF WE CAUGHT  
ANY OF 'EM HERE!



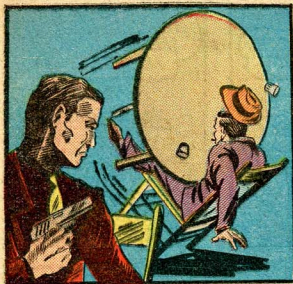
BUT OF COURSE YOU  
BOYS ARE OKEH ~  
AREN'T YOU?

RATS!



SUDDENLY, DAN  
LEANS BACK ~ LIFTS  
THE TABLE ~ DRAWS  
HIS GUN AND PLUNGES  
THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS!





ONE OF THE THUGS SNEAKS UP  
BEHIND DAN AND DRAWS A KNIFE!



SEEING DAN'S PLIGHT, TICK...



...FLINGS AN URN AT THE  
THUG AND CATCHES HIM FULL  
IN THE FACE!



HEY TICK - THE BIG BOSS IS  
TRYING TO GET AWAY!!  
PHONE THE POLICE AND  
BRING THEM TO THE  
WAREHOUSE!  
I'M GOING  
AFTER HIM!!

OK, DAN!





2 pages and  
inside back cover  
missing



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